

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIES 'Q' - EPISODE THREE - THE SEARCH  
by GLYN JONES.

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THE CAST

DOCTOR WHO  
IAN CHESTERTON  
BARBARA WRIGHT  
VICKI

LOBOS  
TOR  
SITA  
DAKO

MOROK COMMANDER  
MOROK GUARD

OUTSIDE REHEARSALS: 12th - 16th April 1965.  
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(TUBE: White City (Central Line)  
Shepherds Bush (Central or Met.Line).)

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Ian, Barbara and Vicki help a revolution -  
only its success will help Doctor Who.

"DOCTOR WHO"

(SERIAL Q)

EPISODE THREE: "The Search"

by

Glyn Jones.

F.I. CAM

SUPPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

FROM PREVIOUS EPISODE

1. INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

(ON THE SCREEN WE SEE  
A PICTURE OF DOCTOR  
WHO UNDER A GLASS  
CASE AS WE HAVE  
PREVIOUSLY SEEN.

THE DOCTOR REACTS TO  
THIS LATEST THREAT FROM  
LOBOS)

SUPPOSE CAM      Opening  
                    Credit  
                    Titles:

"THE SEARCH"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION FADES.

LOBOS SEES THE PICTURE,  
AND SMILES HAPPILY, MUCH  
OF HIS FORMER COMPOSURE  
RETURNING)

LOBOS: Yes, Doctor - I see  
you take my meaning.

(HE PRESSES ANOTHER  
CONTROL AND A BELL RINGS.

TWO MOROKS APPEAR THROUGH  
THE OPENING IN DOCTOR  
WHO'S SECTION OF  
CELL, AND THEY LIFT HIM  
TO HIS FEET)

SUPPOSE CAM      Author's  
                    Caption:

"WRITTEN BY GLYN JONES"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION FADES)

LOBOS: Take him to the  
preparation room!

(LOBOS SMILES AS THE  
TWO MOROK GUARDS DRAG  
DOCTOR WHO FROM THE  
CELL)

END OF REPEAT INSERT

2. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(THE TARDIS STANDS OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM. IT IS GUARDED BY THE MOROKS AS A NUMBER OF XERONS STAND AROUND AT THE ODDITY)

3. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE ARE IN THE MUSEUM CORRIDOR, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOORS, THAT IAN AND BARBARA ARE LOOKING OUT OF. (THEY SEE THE PREVIOUS SCENE).

THE DOORS HAVE BEEN CLOSED EXCEPT FOR A NARROW GAP WHICH IAN IS LOOKING OUT OF. BARBARA, TRYING TO SEE VICKI, HER BACK TO THE DOOR AND WALL, FACES US)

IAN: It didn't take them long to find it.

BARBARA: Let's hope they don't do any damage...

IAN: There's not much they can do - unless they get inside.

VICKI: Are they bringing it in here?

IAN: Doesn't look like it... Sorry, Vicki.

(IAN REALISES THAT VICKI IS SHUT OUT, STEPS ASIDE.

VICKI PEERS OUT TAKING IN THE SCENE, THEN, WHEN SHE HAS SEEN ENOUGH, IAN CLOSES THE DOORS)

IAN: Well? What next? Find the Doctor I suppose - I'm afraid I'm no expert when it comes to changing futures.

VICKI: I think one of us should keep watch on the Tardis. If we have to leave in a hurry we don't want to waste time having to look for it.

BARBARA: We know where it's going, Vicki - we saw it before.

VICKI: If it gets there we needn't bother, we won't have changed what's going to happen...

IAN: You know, this is becoming a nightmare!

BARBARA: It has been ever since we saw those cases. But we keep saying this! What are we-going-to-do?

VICKI: Choice is only possible when you've got all the facts.

IAN: That's right, Barbara - do you realise we don't know anything about this planet?

BARBARA: Listen!

(BARBARA HOLDS UP A WARNING FINGER. SHE HAS HEARD SOME ACTIVITY FROM OUTSIDE, AS THEY ALL LISTEN, WE CUT TO:)

4. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(THE MOROKS ARE STILL ON GUARD, AS, WE RESUME ON THIS SET, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

THE XERONS LOOK UP, SEE WHO IT IS, AND MELT AWAY FROM THE SCENE.

THE MOROKS, AND THE MOROK COMMANDER WHO APPEARS, COME TO ATTENTION, SALUTE, AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER, LOBOS, WITH AN ESCORTING GUARD COMES INTO FRAME.

LOBOS DISMISSES, RATHER THAN ACKNOWLEDGES THE SALUTES, HIS INTEREST IS IN THE TARDIS. HE MOVES UP TO IT, FEELS IT, MOVES TO LOOK BEHIND IT)

LOBOS: A strange looking craft. It must be very cramped, and uncomfortable, for four travellers inside at one time...

COMMANDER: Yes, sir...!

(LOBOS LOOKS AT HIM AS THOUGH HE IS A FOOL, INFERRING THAT HE WAS NOT SEEKING CONFIRMATION OF THE OBVIOUS BUT STATING A FACT. LOBOS PUSHES THE DOOR)

LOBOS: The door is locked.

(LOBOS STANDS ASIDE FOR THE COMMANDER TO OPEN IT. HE LOOKS EMBARRASSED)

COMMANDER: We were unable to gain entry, sir.

LOBOS: (SYMPATHETICALLY) They didn't leave you the key... (THEN) Force it open, you fool!

(THE COMMANDER SNAPS UP  
A SALUTE, MOVES TO  
ONE OF HIS GUARDS AS  
LOBOS CONTINUES HIS  
INSPECTION)

COMMANDER: (TO GUARD) Why wasn't  
the cutting equipment brought here?  
(cont...)

(THE GUARD IS ABOUT TO  
ANSWER TO THE EFFECT  
THAT NOBODY TOLD HIM  
TO GET IT, BUT THE  
MOROK COMMANDER CUTS  
HIM DEAD - ALL FOR THE  
EFFECT OF IMPRESSING LOBOS  
- WITH:)

COMMANDER: (cont.) I'm not interested  
in your excuses - you'll be dealt with  
later. Get It!

(THE GUARD MOVES OFF IN  
HASTE AND THE MOROK  
COMMANDER, LOOKING AFTER  
HIM, MOVES BACK TO LOBOS,  
MUTTERING:)

Incompetent Fools...

(THE COMMANDER JOINS  
LOBOS, PLUCKS UP COURAGE  
TO ADVANCE A QUESTION:)

Have the aliens been captured, sir?

LOBOS: One has...

5. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN, BARBARA, AND  
VICKI REACT HEARING  
THIS)

LOBOS: (OVER. OFF) Three are still  
at large...

(OVER THE ABOVE LINE:)

IAN: (LOW) Did you hear that?

BARBARA: (LOW) Yes, sah!

(VICKI INDICATES FOR  
BOTH OF THEM TO KEEP  
QUIET, AND WE CUT TO:)

6. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(WE RESUME ON LOBOS AND  
COMMANDER)

COMMANDER: They could be in a  
thousand places.

LOBOS: I expect a thousand places  
to be searched! When this is over  
discipline will be tightened. The army  
here's gone soft - I am supposed to  
have at my command trained soldiers,  
not a feeble bunch of half-witted  
amateurs!

(LOBOS MOVES AWAY TO  
STUDY THE TARDIS AGAIN  
AND WE CUT TO:)

7. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI  
ARE CROUCHED AT THE DOOR  
LISTENING.

THEY CAN NO LONGER HEAR  
THE COMMANDER OR LOBOS  
TALKING)

BARBARA: They've stopped talking...

VICKI: Perhaps they've gone?

(IAN SHAKES HIS HEAD, CONTINUES.

WE PAN FROM THEM TO THE  
CORRIDOR AND SEE A MOROK  
GUARD TURN INTO IT FROM  
ONE OF THE ROOMS.

HE REACTS, GOES QUIET AND STILL, AND TAKES OUT HIS RAY GUN SLOWLY. HE MOVES UP ON THEM STEALTHILY AS THEY LISTEN FOR NOISES FROM OUTSIDE, THEN:)

GUARD: Stay as you are. Don't move.

(IAN, BARBARA, AND VICKI STIFFEN, TURN TO SEE HIM. THE GUARD COVERS THEM WITH THE GUN.

IAN AND BARBARA ARE SIDE BY SIDE. IAN GOES TO EDGE FORWARD, BARBARA PUTS UP AN ARM TO RESTRAIN HIM)

BARBARA: Don't he'll fire that thing.

IAN: Well? Wouldn't that change the shape of things to come?

BARBARA: Yes, of course it would. There'd only be three of us for those cases...

(IAN PAUSES, SHOOTS A LOOK AT BARBARA, AS THOUGH THAT IS SOMETHING HE HAD NOT CONSIDERED.

THE GUARD HAS WATCHED THEM, CONVERSING IN LOW TONES, SUSPICIOUSLY, AND STARTED WAVING DIRECTIONS TO THEM WITH HIS GUN)

GUARD: That's enough talking - move out, slowly!

(BARBARA AND VICKI ARE ABOUT TO MOVE BUT IAN RESTRAINS THEM FROM DOING SO. THE GUARD BEGINS TO LOOK UNEASY)

IAN: No, wait a minute. From what we've been hearing outside these soldiers work to orders, not initiative...

GUARD: I said - move out!

IAN: Yes, we heard you the first time. But we don't feel like going, do we?

VICKI: No, definitely not ...

BARBARA: Don't go too far, Ian ...

IAN: What were your orders? Capture us? Bring us in?

(IAN:IS MOVING FORWARD SLOWLY, CASUALLY)

GUARD: Yes. (THEN) Get back!

(BUT HE IS THE ONE WHO RETRACES A STEP NERVOUSLY)

IAN: There was nothing about killing us was there? Well? Was there? Answer me!

GUARD: No ... no there wasn't ...

IAN: Think what your superiors would say. "Have you brought in the aliens?" "No," you'd have to say. "I went and shot them all".

(IAN DRAWS IN A SHARP BREATH, LOOKS VERY REPROVINGLY AT THE GUARD AND SHAKES HIS HEAD IN MOCK SYMPATHY.

THE GUARD IS NOW VERY UNSURE OF HIMSELF, IAN'S ATTITUDE IS THE LAST HE EXPECTED, ONE HE HAS NEVER ENCOUNTERED.

IAN HAS MOVED UP TO HIM FOR THE REPROACH, AND NOW, HE TURNS, BACK TO FACE VICKI AND BARBARA.

THE GUARD RELAXES FRACTIONALLY AND IAN, COUNTING ON THIS, HAS STRUCK BLINDLY AT HIM. THE GUARD STAGGERS, CATCHES IAN'S ARM.

THE GUARD AND IAN STRUGGLE AS:)

IAN: (SHOUTING) Run! Get out of it - both of you!

(VICKI AND BARBARA REACT, DECIDE, TURN TO THE DOOR)

8. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(LOBOS, THE COMMANDER, AND THE GUARDS TURN TO THE DOOR AS:)

VICKI: (OVER) Ian - come on!

IAN: (OVER) Get going!

(LOBOS LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOOR, SIGNALS HIS MEN)

LOBOS: In there - quickly!

(THE COMMANDER LEADS THE GUARDS TOWARDS THE DOOR, WITH LOBOS, AS WE CUT TO:)

9. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(BARBARA AND VICKI OPEN THE DOOR FRACTIONALLY)

VICKI: They're outside! They're coming in!

(IAN IS STILL FIGHTING WITH THE GUARD)

IAN: (SHOUTING) Get away will you!

(WE START TO HEAR A POUNDING AT THE DOORS)

BARBARA: Run, Vicki!

(BARBARA AND VICKI RUN, AS THE DOOR GIVES WAY. IN THE CONFUSION BARBARA AND VICKI RUN IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.)

IAN IS JUST SUCCESSFUL BUT THE OTHER GUARDS RUSH IN TO ASSIST IN OVERPOWERING HIM)

LOBOS: Commander, get your men after those women!

COMMANDER: Yes, sir! Guards!

(THE GUARD IAN STRUGGLED WITH, AND THE GUARD THAT ENTERED WITH LOBOS REMAIN TO HOLD A STRUGGLING IAN BEFORE LOBOS.)

THE COMMANDER LEADS OFF THE REMAINING GUARDS OUT OF SIGHT)

LOBOS: Take him to my office, wait for me there ...

(THE GUARDS DRAG IAN TO THE DOOR, AND OUT OF SIGHT. LOBOS STALKS A FEW PACES DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

Guards! Guards!

(AS LOBOS SCREAMS FOR THE OTHER MEN SUPPOSEDLY ALREADY SEARCHING THE MUSEUM BUILDING, WE CUT TO:)

10. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(IAN IS DRAGGED FROM THE BUILDING BY THE TWO GUARDS.

THEY MOVE AWAY A FEW PACES, IAN STRUGGLING TO NO AVAIL, WHEN SUDDENLY IAN GOES COMPLETELY LIMP.

THE TWO GUARDS CHECK, TO ADJUST HIS SUDDEN WEIGHT, AND, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS, IAN RAMS HIS ELBOW INTO ONE OF THE GUARD'S STOMACH. THE WINDED GUARD STAGGERS AWAY.

IAN TURNS ON THE REMAINING GUARD, PINS HIM AGAINST THE WALL, HANDS CROSSED AGAINST HIS THROAT.

THE WINDED GUARD RECOVERS ENOUGH TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT. HE GRIPS HIS RAY GUN AS A CLUB, MOVES IN READY TO SMASH IAN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

IAN SEES IT COMING: AT THE LAST MINUTE HE PULLS HIS HEAD TO ONE SIDE AND THE GUARD HE WAS HOLDING AGAINST THE WALL RECEIVES THE BLOW.

THE GUARD FALLS TO THE FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.

IAN TURNS AND GIVES THE REMAINING GUARD A CLASSIC RIGHT TO THE JAW SENDING HIM FLYING.

FREE OF THEM IAN TURNS AND RUNS OFF FRAME.

THE TWO GUARDS TRY TO CLAW THEIR WAY TO THEIR FEET)

11. INT. MUSEUM STORE-ROOM. DAY.

(A DARK ROOM, NO LIGHT AS IN THE OTHERS, JUST SHAFTS BREAKING THROUGH FROM SOMEWHERE.

IT IS SIMILAR IN PROPORTION, CONSTRUCTION, AND SIZE TO THE ANTE-ROOMS, BUT IT IS FILLED WITH JUNK, A STOREROOM FOR DUPLICATES, UNWANTED ITEMS, AND CASES. THE DUST INDICATES THE INFREQUENCY OF ITS USE.

WE ESTABLISH THE ROOM, HEAR RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, HEAR THE DOOR OPEN AND SEE BARBARA COME THROUGH, SHE TURNS TO LOOK BACK THE WAY SHE HAS COME)

BARBARA: Vicki? Vicki?

(WE HEAR MORE FOOTSTEPS AND BARBARA CLOSES THE DOOR. SHE LISTENS, CATCHING HER BREATH.

AFTER A SLIGHT PAUSE: )

COMMANDER: (OVER) One of them came this way.

(WE HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE. THE DOOR OF THE ROOM IS TRIED, IT OPENS, A GUARD LOOKS IN, LOOKS ROUND.

BARBARA PRESSES HERSELF AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND THE DOOR. THE GUARD CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN, AND BARBARA RELAXES MOMENTARILY.

SHE WAITS AS THE SOUNDS DIE AWAY, THEN, WHEN ALL IS QUIET SHE TRIES THE DOOR. SHE REALISES, WITH GROWING CONCERN, THAT SHE IS UNABLE TO OPEN IT FROM THIS SIDE, AND THAT SHE IS LOCKED IN)

12. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(VICKI RUNS DOWN THE CORRIDOR SHE CHECKS AS SHE REALISES THAT BARBARA IS NOT WITH HER, OR FOLLOWING.

SHE LOOKS CONCERNED, IS ABOUT TO GO BACK WHEN WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS OF GUARDS.

SHE BITES HER LIP ANXIOUSLY, STARTS TO MOVE OFF AGAIN, NOT LOOKING WHERE SHE IS GOING BUT TOWARDS THE INCREASING SOUNDS OF HER PURSUERS.

VICKI DOES NOT SEE THE HANDS  
THAT REACH OUT AND GRAB  
HER INTO A DOORWAY)

13. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(LOBOS MOVES OUT OF THE  
BUILDING, IRRITATED, THE MOROK  
COMMANDER IS WITH HIM.

THE TWO GUARDS KNOCKED  
OUT BY IAN ARE RECOVERING.  
LOBOS SEES THIS, STRIDES  
ACROSS TO THEM)

LOBOS: You let him escape? Oafs!  
Incompetent fools!

(THE GUARD WHO FIRST CHALLENGED  
IAN, BARBARA, AND VICKI,  
NODS MISERABLY)

GUARD: Yes, sir.

LOBOS: Silence! (TO COMMANDER)  
There are other ways of getting  
them out. (Cont)

(LOBOS TURNS TO THE SECOND  
GUARD WITH)

LOBOS: (cont) Withdraw our men from  
this building. See that all exits are  
guarded and have the rest search the  
area for the one you allowed to escape!

(THE GUARD, NODDING AT EVERY  
WORD PRACTICALLY MOVES OFF  
AT SPEED, INTO THE BUILDING)

(TO FIRST GUARD) You remain here...

(THE GUARD NODS, TAKES UP A GUARDING POSITION, AND, WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND LOBOS MOVES OUT OF FRAME, INDICATING THAT THE MOROK COMMANDER SHOULD FOLLOW HIM.

WE PAN TO TAKE THE MOROK COMMANDER AND LOBOS OFF, AND, IN DOING SO SHOW THAT IAN IS, IN FACT, HIDING BEHIND THE TELEPHONE BOX. PRESSED HARD AGAINST IT HE WATCHES THEM AWAY.

WE SEE THE GUARD, PREPARING FOR HIS SPELL OF DUTY. THE RAY GUN IS IN ITS HOLSTER, HE EASES IT FOR A QUICK DRAW.

WE RESUME ON IAN, THINKING OUT HIS BEST PLAN OF ATTACK. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE GROUND, HAS A THOUGHT AND CROUCHES TO SIFT THE DUST FOR LARGER STONES.

COLLECTING SEVERAL HE MOVES AWAY FROM THE TELEPHONE BOX, BUT KEEPS IT BETWEEN HIM AND THE GUARD TO REMAIN UNSEEN.

HAVING BACKED AWAY TO GIVE HIMSELF ELBOW ROOM, IAN STARTS TO THROW THE STONES, HIGH IN THE AIR, OVER THE TELEPHONE BOX.

WE RESUME ON THE GUARD, SUDDENLY HE IS AWARE OF STONES FALLING. HE LOOKS UP, THINKING THAT SOMEBODY IS ON THE ROOF.

SEEING NOTHING, AND WITH THE STONES STILL FALLING, HE WALKS OUT FROM THE WALL, TURNS, AND LOOKS UP)

GUARD: Who's up there?

(IAN MOVES IN BEHIND HIM, REACHES CAREFULLY FOR THE EASED RAY GUN, PULLS IT FROM THE HOLSTER, STEPS BACK AND:)

IAN: I shouldn't worry about it.

(THE GUARD SPINS ROUND, REACHING FOR HIS EMPTY HOLSTER AND HIS EYES REACT IN FEAR AS HE SEES THAT IAN HAS THE GUN POINTING AT HIM)

GUARD: No ... no , don't kill me ...

IAN: That rather depends on you, doesn't it? I have some questions that need ...

GUARD: If I can answer, I will. I promise!

IAN: One of my friends has been captured, the old man...

(THE GUARD IMMEDIATELY LOOKS FEARFUL AND IAN SEES THIS)

What's happened to him?

GUARD: I don't know. I don't know!

(THE GUARD, BACKING UP TO STAND AGAINST THE TELEPHONE BOX, OBVIOUSLY DOES)

IAN: He's not ... dead?

GUARD: No ... No ...!

IAN: Then where is he?

(IAN BRINGS UP THE RAY GUN, THREATENING)

GUARD: He's been taken to the preparation room - it was nothing to do with me, I'm a simple soldier...

IAN: What happens there? (PAUSE) I said, what happens...

GUARD: He'll be got ready for the museum... You can't help him - once the process starts...

IAN: What kind of process?

GUARD: It's - it's like embalming ...

IAN: How long does it take?

GUARD: Several hours but ...

IAN: Take me there!

GUARD: You'll be killed - we'll both be killed ...

(IAN BRINGS UP THE RAY GUN, HIS FACE HARDENING, AND THE GUARD, GULPING, NODS AND LEADS IAN OFF SET)

14. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS STRIDES INTO HIS OFFICE, MOVES BEHIND HIS DESK, PICKS UP A SHEET OF PAPER THAT IS LYING THERE; READS IT)

LOBOS: A directive from Morok. They think we made a mistake in allowing the Xeron Youth to live. They are now almost men - and dangerous. (cont...)

(LOBOS SUDDENLY SCREWS UP THE PAPER, THROWS IT TO ONE SIDE)

LOBOS: (cont) Those aliens - they made fools of us.

(LOBOS REACHES ACROSS, FLICKS A CONTROL ON HIS INSTRUMENT PANEL)

Building six-two, the ventilation is standard?

VOICE: Yes, sir.

LOBOS: Good - (THINKING) the guards shouldn't take long to withdraw... (THEN) In one hours time the air is to be replaced with Zaphra gas. Is that clear?

VOICE: Perfectly.

LOBOS: Then see that my order is carried out.

(LOBOS FLICKS BACK THE SWITCH,  
STAND AND PACES, IS ON EDGE)

COMMANDER: Zaphra gas?

LOBOS: Are you not familiar with it? It is very effective. The gas spreads quickly, and possesses unique properties. It restricts breathing, movement, deadens the muscles. The two women will be completely defenceless, they will have to leave the building and surrender to the guards.

15. INT. MUSEUM STORE ROOM. DAY.

(BARBARA IS AGAIN TRYING THE DOOR, IT IS STILL FIRMLY AND SECURELY LOCKED. SHE LEANS AGAINST IT, DEJECTED AND BEATEN, AND WE:

FADE OUT:

FADE UP:

WE RESUME IN THE SAME SET. LATER.

BARBARA IS SITTING ON THE FLOOR LEANING AGAINST A PACKING CASE OR SIMILAR, HER EYES CLOSED.

WE CAN SEE THAT SHE HAS MADE SOME EFFORT TO ESCAPE. ODD PIECES OF TIMBER, ETC., ARE STREWN BY THE DOOR HAVING BEEN USED TRYING TO SMASH OR PRY THE DOOR OPEN IF THE SCRATCHES ARE ANYTHING TO GO BY.

WE CLOSE IN ON BARBARA, AND, AS THOUGH SHE IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF A NOISE HER EYES OPEN SUDDENLY.

THE DOOR HANDLE IS BEING TURNED QUIETLY, THE MUSIC STINGS.

WE RESUME ON BARBARA, AS SHE GETS TO HER FEET, STRAINING TO LISTEN.

WE SEE THE DOOR OPEN, AND, WITHOUT SEEING WHO IT IS, WATCH AS IT SWINGS INWARD.

BARBARA, SCARCELY DARING TO BREATHE, PICKS UP A PIECE OF TIMBER AS A WEAPON, AND SLIPS SILENTLY BEHIND ONE OF THE PACKING CASES, OUT OF SIGHT.

WE ANGLE ON THE FLOOR, NEAR THE DOOR, AND SEE A PAIR OF FEET MOVE STEALTHILY IN. WE CANNOT SEE WHO THE INTRUDER IS.

WE TRACK WITH THE FEET AS THEY MOVE FORWARD, PAUSE AS THE INTRUDER LOOKS AROUND, THEN MOVES ON OUT OF FRAME.

WE PAN UP FROM THE FLOOR TO A PACKING CASE AS BARBARA COMES ROUND BEHIND IT, NOW TO THE REAR OF THE INTRUDER YET UNSEEN.

BARBARA LIFTS THE TIMBER AS THOUGH TO STRIKE, WHEN WE HEAR: )

DAKO: (THE UNSEEN INTRUDER) Barbara? Are you in here?

(BARBARA STOPS SHORT IN SURPRISE)

BARBARA: Who are you? How do you know my name?

(WE HOLD ON BARBARA,  
STILL NOT SEEING DAKO,  
AND CUT TO:)

16. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(THE GUARD, AND IAN, HAVE GONE.  
THE SET IS DESERTED.

WE ANGLE ON TO THE DOOR  
AS IT OPENS AND TOR PEERS  
OUT. HE SEES THAT ALL IS  
CLEAR, AND SIGNALS WITH HIS  
HAND FOR THOSE BEHIND  
HIM TO FOLLOW:)

TOR: There's no guard here - hurry.

(TOR MOVES OUT, FOLLOWED  
BY VICKI, THEN SITA. TOR  
IS ABOUT TO MOVE OFF  
BUT VICKI GRABS HIS ARM:)

VICKI: Can't we wait for Barbara?

TOR: It's too dangerous. Dako will find  
her and bring her to the hideout.

SITA: Quickly!

(AT SITA'S URGING, THE  
THREE OF THEM MOVE OFF,  
AND OUT OF SIGHT)

17. INT. MUSEUM STORE ROOM. DAY.

(BARBARA IS FACING DAKO, SHE  
IS STILL NOT SURE OF HIM,  
AND HOLDS THE TIMBER IN  
A DEFENSIVE POSITION)

DAKO: Tor and Sita have taken Vicki  
to our headquarters. You must believe me,  
we are your friends ...

BARBARA: Why should you be?

DAKO: We are Xerons - this is our planet.

BARBARA: And the others? The ones in uniform?

(BARBARA IS LOSING HER SUSPICIONS, AND LOWERING HER TIMBER)

DAKO: Moroks! They changed our planet into a museum - a record of their wars, but soon we shall rise against them, drive them from Xeros.

BARBARA: Moroks? Where did they come from?

DAKO: Their planet is three light years away. (THINKING BACK) They invaded us without warning. Xeros was a place of peace. Scientific knowledge and the wisdom of our elders made us free from want.

BARBARA: Didn't you fight back?

DAKO: Their weapons were far superior to ours. We had planned for peace, and they for war.

(THEY LAPSE INTO SILENCE, THEN:)

You must come with me.

(BARBARA NOW ACCEPTS DAKO AS A FRIEND)

BARBARA: Can we get out of here?

DAKO: There are many guards, but I will find a way. Come ...

(OVER THE LAST SENTENCES THEY HAVE BEEN UNAWARE THAT THE ZAPIRA GAS HAS BEGUN TO CURL ROUND THE EDGES OF THE SLIGHTLY OPEN DOOR AND CURL INTO THE ROOM.

NOW, AS THEY SEE THIS:)

DAKO: Look! They must have set the museum on fire ...

(BARBARA MOVES TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT. THE GAS SWIRLS IN, AND SHE CLOSES IT, ALMOST. THEY BOTH START TO COUGH, HAVE DIFFICULTY IN BREATHING)

BARBARA: It isn't that ....

DAKO: What is it?

BARBARA: Some kind of gas.

(THERE IS A SLIGHT PAUSE, WITH BARBARA TRYING TO THINK OF WHAT THE BEST THING TO DO IS)

DAKO: My eyes - they're stinging ...

BARBARA: Have you got something to hold over your mouth?

(BARBARA HAS TAKEN OUT HER HANDKERCHIEF AND DAKO, NODDING, USES EITHER THE EDGE OF HIS TUNIC OR A SLEEVE WHICH HE UNBUTTONS. THEY GO THROUGH A DOOR AND VANISH INTO THE SWIRLING GAS)

18. INT. TOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(TOR, SITA, AND VICKI HAVE ARRIVED AT THE DERELICT ROOM THAT SERVES AS THE BOYS' HEADQUARTERS.

THEY ARE SEATED ROUND IN VARIOUS POSITIONS EATING AND DRINKING A HASTILY PREPARED MEAL.

TOR AND SITA HAVE BEEN TELLING VICKI OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEIR PLANET, WE JOIN THEM AS:)

VICKI: Then what happened? After the Moroks had conquered this planet?

TOR: They destroyed everything, even our people. Only the children were spared, to work.

VICKI: How horrible!

TOR: We are a slave race - as we grow older we are taken to other planets. Sita and myself and Dako were due to be sent. That is why we hide here and plan ...

SITA: But although we've sworn to drive the Moroks from Xeros it will not be easy. The life they impose on us makes organisation difficult.

VICKI: There doesn't seem to be many Moroks - you must out-number them.

TOR: It is unpleasant to admit, but our opposition is weak, and unarmed. A very small army can easily keep control.

VICKI: But you're planning a revolution ...

(VICKI HAS TRIED TO ENCOURAGE.  
AS THEY HAVE TOLD VICKI  
THE SITUATION THEY HAVE  
BECOME DOWN-HEARTED AT  
THE HOPELESSNESS OF IT.

SITA GETS UP, SLAMS HIS MUG  
DOWN AND TURNS AWAY.

TOR LOOKS AT HIM THEN  
BACK AT VICKI. HE SMILES  
AT HER)

TOR: Why did you and your friends come to Xeros?

VICKI: Oh - it was an accident ...

TOR: Of course. No-one would come to Xeros from choice. The Moroks' reputation is universal.

(THE CONVERSATION LAPSES SLIGHTLY AGAIN, THEN SITA, DEPRESSED, TURNS BACK WITH:)

SITA: It is late - Dako, and your friend, Barbara, have been captured ...

TOR: They would need time to dodge the guards ...

SITA: (INTERRUPTING) As long as this? We would be fooling ourselves to believe otherwise ...

VICKI: (LOOKING AT THEM) Well, you can't just accept it - we've got to help them!

(TOR AND SITA REMAIN SILENT)

Sitting here and planning and dreaming, of a revolution, isn't going to win your planet back.

SITA: We do all we can.

VICKI: By making a nuisance of yourselves - that's all it is.

TOR: What can we do without weapons?

VICKI: Nothing. We must get some.

SITA: (LAUGHING) Now who's dreaming?

VICKI: The Moroks are armed ...

SITA: So we can take them from the Moroks?

VICKI: Why not? That is revolution.

TOR: Vicki, we have tried. We have occasionally overpowered a guard and taken his ray-gun, but what can one gun do against even a small army?

SITA: And when that happens they take hostages, until the gun is returned.

VICKI: Where are the guns kept?

TOR: At the armoury.

VICKI: If you had guns, lots of them - would you be able to organise your friends, distribute the guns, really wage a war?

TOR: Of course!!! (SMILING WRYLY)  
That is where we are strong - in our planning.

SITA: But the armoury is out of our reach.

VICKI: Don't you know it is?

TOR: We know - but its key is something that we could never attain.

VICKI: I don't understand?

TOR: The armaments are kept behind locked doors, an impregnable safe.

VICKI: What kind of lock does it have?

TOR: An electronic brain, programmed to ask questions. The answer given, opens the door, but they only open to the truth ...

VICKI: A sort of lie-detector? I'd like to see it, perhaps I could ... well, I'd just like to see it ...

(TOR AND SITA EXCHANGE LOOKS)

TOR: We can take you.

SITA: But why are you so interested in us? Why do you want this revolution so much, Vicki?

VICKI: I've just as many reasons as you, perhaps more, to want to see the future changed. Perhaps I'll explain later - but I think we should go now ...

(SITA AND TOR AGAIN EXCHANGE GLANCES THEN NOD. THEY TURN, AND, AS THEY ALL GO OUT OF THE ROOM, WE:)

19. EXT. BUILDING. DAY.

(ALTHOUGH THIS IS IN THE EXTERIOR BUILDING SET, WE SHOOT IT TIGHT AGAINST THE WALL OF THE MUSEUM SO, IN FACT, THE LOCATION COULD BE ANYWHERE.)

AS WE WATCH THE CAPTURED GUARD, AND IAN, WITH THE RAY GUN, MOVE INTO SHOT. THE GUARD STOPS, AND IAN MOVES UP TO HIM)

IAN: What's wrong?

GUARD: This is the building ...

IAN: Take me in then.

GUARD: It would be better to wait ...

(IAN THINKING THIS IS A TRICK RAISES THE RAY GUN, AND THE GUARD TALKS QUICKLY TO EXPLAIN)

GUARD: (cont) ... It is a busy time of day, later there will not be so many guards on duty, you will stand a better chance!

(IAN THINKS OVER THIS, THEN, HEARING A PERSON APPROACHING, THE FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING, HE BRINGS UP HIS GUN INTO THE MAN'S FACE)

IAN: Find out if they've caught the others. I'll be covering you from here ...

(IAN LOOKS AROUND. POINTS OFF TO BEHIND CAMERA THEN MOVES OUT OF FRAME IN THAT DIRECTION.)

THE GUARD TURNS, AND THE MOROK COMMANDER COMES INTO VIEW. HALTING SHARPLY WHEN HE SEES THE GUARD)

COMMANDER: What are you doing here, soldier? Why have you left your post?

GUARD: Lobos sent an order. I am to report to him.

(THE GUARD LICKS HIS LIPS NERVOUSLY)

COMMANDER: You didn't leave your post unguarded?

GUARD: The replacement hadn't arrived when I left but ...

COMMANDER: Fool!...

GUARD: It was the Governer's order, sir. He said immediately.

COMMANDER: Then why are you waiting here? Alright, I'll check on the replacement. Now - move.

(THE GUARD HALF TURNS BACK TO THE COMMANDER)

GUARD: Sir.

COMMANDER: What is it now, soldier?

GUARD: Have the aliens been recaptured?

COMMANDER: Not yet, but the Zaphra gas will soon drive them from their hiding places.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER TURNS, MOVES FROM THE SCENE.

THE GUARD STARTS TO MOVE OFF AS THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED, BUT HALTS, TURNS TO FACE CAMERA, WAITS NERVOUSLY.

WE SEE IAN MOVE BACK INTO FRAME, LOOKING OFF TO THE DIRECTION THAT THE COMMANDER TOOK)

IAN: You did very well. We'll do as you say, wait outside. Over there.

(IAN INDICATES WITH HIS GUN THE DIRECTION HE CAME FROM, AND, AS THE GUARD NODS AND PREPARES TO MOVE OFF, WE:)

20. INT. ARMOURY. DAY.

(WE FEATURE A LARGE, SAFE CUM STRONGROOM DOOR. IT IS IN A SMALL ALCOVE, BESIDE THE DOOR STANDS SEVERAL CABINETS OF EQUIPMENT OF THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN VARIETY, WITH REVOLVING SPOOLS. THERE IS A SPEAKER OVER THE SAFE DOOR, AND A DOUBLE LINE OF INWARD POINTING LIGHTS LEADING UP TO THE DOOR, SO THAT WHEN YOU APPROACH, THE BEAMS ARE BROKEN.

A MOROK GUARD STANDS, BORED, A FEW FEET FROM THE SAFE DOOR AND OUTSIDE THE BEAMS. HE HEARS A SUDDEN NOISE FROM HIS LEFT, TURNS, INTERESTED.

AS HE DOES SO TOR AND SITA HURL THEMSELVES IN FROM HIS RIGHT, AND, QUICKLY OVERPOWERING HIM, KNOCK HIM UNCONSCIOUS.

VICKI MOVES IN FROM THE LEFT TO JOIN THEM AS THEY STAND TO THEIR FEET)

TOR: Well - this is the armoury.

(VICKI LOOKS AT IT, AT THE BEAMS, THEN MOVES TO THE EQUIPMENT)

SITA: Can you do anything? Do you know how they work?

VICKI: It must work to the same pattern.

(THIS MORE TO HERSELF, THEN TO SITA)

Break the light beam ...

TOR: The questions will start!

VICKI: Yes, I know ...

(TOR LOOKS AT SITA, NODS. SITA MOVES ACROSS, WALKS INTO THE INWARD POINTING LIGHTS.

AS SITA HAS DONE THIS, VICKI AND TOR HAVE MOVED TO THE EQUIPMENT. ONE OF THE SPOOLS STARTS TURNING.

OVER THE SPEAKER COMES A STATIC, MECHANICAL VOICE)

VOICE: (OVER) Do you have the Governor's permission to approach?

(SITA LOOKS NERVOUS, DOES NOT ANSWER)

Give withdrawal requisition number.

(VICKI POINTS OUT THE REVOLVING SPOOL TO TOR)

VICKI: This is where the questions are programmed!

VOICE: (OVER) For what purpose are the arms needed?

(VICKI EXAMINES THE CABINET)

VICKI: Help me try and get the front off ...

(AS TOR MOVES IN TO HELP VICKI.)

SITA MOVES AWAY FROM THE SAFE DOOR. IT IS STILL VERY FIRMLY CLOSED)

21. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS IS ALONE IN HIS OFFICE, PACING UP AND DOWN. HE CAN STAND THE WAITING NO LONGER AND MOVES ROUND TO HIS DESK AND FLICKS OVER A SWITCH ON THE SMALL CONTROL PANEL ON HIS DESK)

LOBOS: Are the aliens still in the building?

VOICE: (OVER) Yes, sir - we have seen no movement.

LOBOS: Very well. Keep the men alerted! They'll soon be coming out.

(LOBOS SOON REPLACES THE SWITCH, MOVES AWAY FROM DESK, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)

22. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE HOLD THE MUSEUM CORRIDOR FULL OF THE SWIRLING GAS, THEN, PANNING, WE SEE BARBARA AND DAKO STAGGER INTO SHOT, MOVING ALONG THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE DOOR.

BARBARA AND DAKO STILL COVER THEIR FACES, THEY MOVE WITH DIFFICULTY)

BARBARA: We're nearly there, Dako.

(DAKO, NOT KNOWING WHAT HE IS DOING STAGGERS AWAY, HE CANNOT SEE, HIS EYES ARE STREAMING WITH WATER.

HE CRASHES INTO THE WALL AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR IN A HEAP.

BARBARA, NOT SO BADLY AFFECTIONED, BUT HAMPERED NONE-THE-LESS, TURNS TO LOOK AT THE NOT TOO DISTANT DOOR. SHE IS NOT TOO SURE WHETHER TO CONTINUE ON, BUT, DECIDING, SHE MOVES BACK TO THE NOW UNCONSCIOUS DAKO.

BARBARA BENDS DOWN, TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY TO LIFT HIM, THEN TO DRAG HIM. SHE IS GETTING WEAKER HERSELF, AND FINALLY SHE FALLS WITH HER OWN EFFORTS.

BARBARA; LIES ON THE FLOOR, UNMOVING. WE CLOSE IN ON HER, HOLD, AND THEN:)

23. INT. ARMOURY. DAY.

(VICKI AND TOR STAND EACH SIDE OF THE CABINET, NOW BARE OF ITS METAL FRONT.

VICKI IS ADJUSTING CONTROLS)

TOR: Have you done it?

VICKI: I'm not sure - I think so.

TOR: The door hasn't opened.

VICKI: We'll still have to answer the questions.

TOR: Then you've failed - the lock reacts only to the truth.

VICKI: And it still does Tor, you'll see.

(VICKI MOVES OUT FROM THE CABINET, THOUGHTFULLY GIVING IT ONE LAST LOOK AND STARTS TO MOVE TOWARDS THE SAFE DOOR.)

AS WE PULL OUT WE SEE SITA HOLDING THE FRONT OF THE CABINET. TOR MOVES TO WATCH VICKI, AND SITA, LEAVING THE SECTION HE IS HOLDING AGAINST THE WALL MOVES ACROSS TO JOIN TOR.

VICKI PLUCKS UP HER NERVE, WALKS INTO THE CORRIDOR OF LIGHT BEAMS. AS SHE BREAKS THE BEAM, THE SPOOLS REVOLVE, AND WE HEAR: )

VOICE: (OVER) Do you have the Governor's permission to approach?

VICKI: No.

(THERE IS A LONGISH PAUSE AS THE NEXT QUESTION HAS BEEN DELETED BY VICKI. WE CUT AROUND TO SEE THEIR ANXIOUS FACES, THEN: )

VOICE: (OVER) For what purpose are the guns needed?

VICKI: Revolution.

(THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN WE HEAR A RUMBLE. THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN OF ITS OWN ACCORD SLOWLY.)

TOR AND SITA EXCHANGE LOOKS. SITA MOVES TO AND GOES INTO THE SAFE, THROUGH THE DOOR. TOR FOLLOWS HIM, PAUSING TO GRIP VICKI'S HANDS TIGHT)

VICKI: I just left the questions I could answer in: then told the truth!

(TOR SMILES AND MOVES TOWARDS THE SAFE AS SITA COMES OUT HOLDING SEVERAL WEAPONS)

SITA: There's everything we want, Tor - and more. We can arm everybody!

TOR: Good - get as many as you can carry and give them to Shan for distribution. I'll give mine to the Tolman colony, and bring them back for more ...

(DURING THE LAST SPEECH WE CUT TO VICKI, HEAR TOR'S SPEECH LOW IN THE BACKGROUND. WE HOLD VICKI IN CLOSE UP AS:)

VICKI: (TO HERSELF) I wonder if this will keep us out of the cases?

(WE HOLD ON VICKI MOMENTARILY AND THEN:)

24. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE CLOSE UP ON LOBOS SITTING AT HIS DESK WORKING AT SOME PAPERS.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR, HE LOOKS UP)

LOBOS: Come in.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND THE GUARD COMES IN FOLLOWED BY IAN, THE GUARD STANDS TO ONE SIDE, CLOSES THE DOOR. IAN HAS THE RAY GUN OUT OF SIGHT.

AS SOON AS LOBOS SEES IAN HE STANDS SMILING HAPPILY. HE WALKS ROUND THE DESK)

LOBOS: Well! At last!

(LOBOS STRIKES IAN ACROSS THE FACE)

LOBOS: (cont) You aliens have caused me enough trouble.

(HE TURNS TO GO BACK TO HIS DESK)

I shall see that you pay for it.

(LOBOS TURNS TO LOOK BACK AT IAN AND HIS SMILE LEAVES HIS FACE INSTANTLY, HE LOOKS HORRIFIED.)

WE SEE A VERY DETERMINED IAN STANDING THERE LEVELLING A RAY GUN AT THE GOVERNOR.

THE GUARD, WHO HAS SEEN ALL THIS COMING, HAS REACTED WITH LIP BITING, HORROR, EYES TO HEAVEN, ETC.)

LOBOS: You'll be a fool if you killed me - it will achieve nothing.

IAN: Possibly - but it might be enjoyable.

(IAN MOVES FORWARD THREATENINGLY AND LOBOS SITS DOWN SUDDENLY IN HIS DESK CHAIR)

LOBOS: What do you want?

IAN: Take me to the Doctor, the old man you captured.

LOBOS: And if I refuse?

IAN: Oh, I don't think you'll be as silly as that.

(IAN RAISES THE RAY GUN AGAIN.)

LOBOS IS STALLING, FEELING THAT IF HE TAKES IAN TO THE DOCTOR HE WILL PAY FOR IT ANYWAY)

LOBOS: You'll kill me anyway.

IAN: You're wasting time!

LOBOS: Am I? It's too late for you to help him - he's already passed into the second stage of preparation.

IAN: What does that mean?

LOBOS: He is beyond your help. Your help, my help - anyone's help!

IAN: You're bluffing.

LOBOS: Am I?

IAN: Come on - move. Take me to him!

(LOBOS PAUSES THEN GETS UP SLOWLY)

Hurry up!

LOBOS: Hurrying won't help your friend, the Doctor.

(LOBOS MOVES TO A DOOR, STANDS BY IT. IT LEADS FROM HIS OFFICE)

IAN: Is he in there?

LOBOS: Yes.

IAN: Open it.

LOBOS: Do you still think I am bluffing?

(IAN TURNS, SIGNALS THE WAITING GUARD TO MOVE ACROSS AND OPEN THE DOOR.)

SUPPOSE CAM      Next Episode  
                    "The Final Phase"

FADE CREDIT CAPTION

(THE GUARD MOVES ACROSS. DOES SO.

LOBOS, NERVOUS, BUT TRUE TO HIMSELF IS RESUMING WITH HIS SLIGHTLY SUPERIOR SMILE. IAN WATCHES HIM.

THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR, STEPS BACK. IAN LOOKS AT EACH OF THEM IN TURN. THEN, DECIDING, STEPS FORWARD TO TAKE A LOOK.

CUT TO A REVERSE SHOT AS IAN MOVES INTO THE DOOR FRAME. HE LOOKS IN, THEN UP. AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR COMES OVER IAN'S FACE)

IAN: Doctor!

(WE HOLD MOMENTARILY ON IAN, THEN:)

SUPPOSE CAM

Roll  
Credit  
Caption:

(CLOSING MUSIC)

FADE OUT